

# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark. Registered.

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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SLEIGHING SURPASSES AUTOMOBILING AT POLAND SPRING, MAINE

## PROGRESS AND PEACE

Awake! O sleeper and go forth,  
The world demands your aid;  
From East to West, from South to North,  
The call for help is made;  
To sow broadcast the seeds of truth,  
To teach the Master's plan—  
The law of universal brotherhood,  
With equal rights to man.  
Prepare the way for "peace on earth,"  
"Good will to men" proclaim,  
Give freedom, liberty, new birth,  
Give joy and hope for shame;  
Inspire the world with purest love  
For every brother-man;  
All bitterness and strife remove,  
And teach a better plan.  
To settle all disputes and wrongs  
By arbitration wrought;  
Where reason guides, where right belongs,  
And gives relief when sought;  
Disarm the soldiers, set them free,  
To walk in paths of peace;  
From burdens that ought ne'er to be  
The suffering world release.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Progress and Peace then hand in hand  
Shall constantly go forth:  
And Harmony and Equal Rights  
Shall make a heaven of earth;  
The nations shall learn war no more,  
All strife and wrong shall cease;  
A world redeemed, from shore to shore,  
To Progress and to Peace.

Dr. L. M. ENTWISTLE in *Voice of the Magi*.

## HUMANITY OF CHARLES SUMNER

In connection with the recent centennial observance of the birth of Charles Sumner, it is interesting to recall that the distinguished statesman was a champion of the rights of animals. The following editorial entitled, "The United States Senate," is from *Our Dumb Animals* for May, 1870:

"Mr. Sumner recently offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Agriculture to inquire what legislation was necessary to provide for the proper transportation of cattle on railroads in the United States, so as to provide them with sufficient water, space and ventilation.

"Mr. Sumner stated that he had received a letter from the secretary of an agricultural society, giving such an account of the barbarities practised upon cattle in being transported from the West to the East as he had no idea of. The horrors of the passage on these cattle trains had no parallel in the middle passage of any slave-ships. The wholesale inhumanities visited upon these unoffending brute beasts were fearful, and the consequence upon the public health by having these diseased cattle thrown upon the market were disastrous.

"The resolution was then adopted."

## THE FORCES OF THE FUTURE

We conserve our forests and our waterfalls and calculate the utility of each chip of wood and drop of rain; but we destroy living creatures in millionfold without estimating the potential forces which a broader and saner system of economics could harness to tasks of utility.

The mightiest mission of civilization is still before the world. The noblest ambition of charity is yet to come. The most beneficent philanthropy is still to be promulgated.

There is less need of great fortunes than of great understandings. The universe is sated with material wealth and hungry for simple kindness.

HERBERT KAUFMAN.

The world would be in a happier condition if legislators spent half as much time and labor to prevent crime as they do to punish it.

By D. LANGE in *Arkansas School Journal* for December

## WINTER LIFE OF WILD CREATURES



O keep alive during the Northern winters, all living creatures need shelter and fuel. How animals with only their senses and instincts to guide them and with nothing but the organs of their own bodies for tools wrest a living from stern Mother Nature during winter forms a most fascinating chapter in natural history.

Bears, badgers, raccoons and skunks have a simple way; they close up shop, so to speak, and go to sleep until Mother Nature is over her annual spell of sternness. None of the four is a swift hunter or runner, but they rather incline toward a certain aldermanic ease, which seems to fit their physique and their station in the wild life of forest or field.

Generally nature provides liberally for this quartet. Almost everything is food for one or all of them: Berries, nuts and corn, frogs, eggs, young birds, roots, insects and worms, gophers and mice, even carrion when nothing better can be found. As a result of liberal feeding and a quiet temperament they grow very fat in fall, and when the ground begins to freeze hard and digging and nosing around after food no longer pays, they just retire for a nap of several months.

The bear curls up under a root or log or finds a small natural cave, and a blanket of snow soon completes his shelter. The raccoon finds a hollow tree, while badgers and skunks retire into burrows they have dug in the ground. Now the storms may blow and frost may split the forest trees, but the four sleepers do not care; they are wrapped in a heavy coat of fur and a liberal store of fat furnishes food and fuel for their bodies. The fires of life are banked and burn low, and who will say that the winter sleepers have not hit upon, at least, as successful a solution of a difficult problem as any of their more active competitors of field, marsh and forest?

## Many Others Sleep Away Long Winter

Indeed, we might easily increase this list of four to the legendary seven or any greater number. Woodchucks, gophers and chipmunks also sleep away the long winter in burrows in the earth. If no accident befalls them, such as untimely floods, the tracks of all these winter sleepers will again be seen when the birds return north and the buds begin to swell.

A large number of the wild do not hibernate. Wolf, fox and panther, lynx and wildcat, mink, weasel, marten and fisher now follow their hunting trails with even more keenness than during the time of abundance of summer. They have no fixed winter home or lair, but all know their territory as well as a boy knows his grandfather's orchard, and they can always find shelter in storms, and generally they find enough food to bring them safely through, though gaunt and hungry they may be, when at last spring again unlocks the great storehouse of nature.

These active flesh-eating hunters could give most of us lessons in fasting; they eat when meat is plentiful and fast when there is none. Most of them can probably fast a week without special hardship. If a wolf gets one full meal a week he will come through the winter strong and in good condition.

But where hunters can live there must be those that are hunted, and where there are flesh eaters there must be those that change grass into flesh for them, and it is true that a large number of the peaceful folk of nature do not go to sleep with the groundhog and the gopher.

## Rabbits' Life Uncertain

Moose, elk and deer find browse and grass all winter, if the snowfall is not too heavy.

Squirrels, rabbits and wood mice also find their daily bread the year round, and it is principally the timid rabbit and the legions of wild mice whose meat feeds wolf and fox, lynx and wildcat, as well as a host of smaller hunters. The snowshoe rabbits of the Northern woods are generally amazingly numerous for several years, then a plague carries them off by thousands, so that for a year or two one may follow the forest trails without seeing a rabbit. During these years the lynxes also grow suddenly scarce. The explanation is that the lynxes die of starvation when the rabbits die of the plague. This is nature's way of winnowing out all but the very strongest of limbs and the most keen of senses and intelligence.

Not a few wild creatures have learned the wisdom of laying in stores for a rainy day, or rather for snowy and stormy days. The mink collects in some burrow or hollow as much as a bushel of frozen game, consisting of ducks and birds, muskrats, mice and rabbits. Squirrels lay by stores of nuts and acorns and evergreen twigs with buds on them. On one winter scouting trip I found a mass of linden twigs stored away in a hollow tree. It was evident that no human hand had placed them there, and the teeth marks on them showed plainly I had found the emergency cache of a red or gray squirrel.

## True Conservationists

The wild mice store up many kinds of seeds. Once while accidentally digging into a deserted mouse burrow I found a hatful of small stony nutlets, which had all been cracked by some little mouse years ago. It took me several days to identify the seeds, when suddenly as I passed through my mind seed after seed that I knew, it flashed upon me that they were the stony seeds of the bladder-nut, a shrub which grows profusely in the piece of woodland where I had been scouting around during the day.

The distribution of the seeds of the bladder-nut bush has been a riddle to me for many years, and it is a bit of wood lore that might well puzzle any naturalist or woodland scout. The little wild mice are better conservationists, better foresters, than we humans. When they gather their crops they always leave plenty of seeds from which young bushes will grow as the old ones die.

Two animals, the muskrat and the beaver, have chosen a kind of winter quarters which certainly no human adviser would have recommended to them. Every wide-awake Northwestern boy knows something about muskrat houses. They are built of rushes, roots and mud. The family living room is always damp and wet and is located only a few inches above the water level, while the two or three entrances to the house lie below water level. The harder it freezes, the more it snows, the warmer and safer is the muskrat's house. Lakes and rivers become icebound, but the muskrats live happy and content unless some cruel trapper cuts into their dome or drives his long-tined spear through its roof.

## Hunt for Food Under Ice

They are not asleep, but under the ice they swim and dive for their food of roots and bulbs. They have small eating and breathing houses scattered over the marsh. They also have holes in the banks and they know all places of open water in the neighborhood.

Occasionally, however, I think a muskrat gets lost and suffocated under the ice. In the winter of 1908 I found a dead muskrat under the ice in Lake Minnetonka. As near as I could determine he was suffocated in trying to swim from one island to another. A boy friend of mine, who is a first-class nature scout, claims that a muskrat swimming under the ice often exhales a large bubble of air,

and after waiting a few seconds for the refreshing of the air, again inhales the same air and pursues its way. I have not personally observed this point, and it would be a good question for boys to investigate.

Muskrats do not generally lay up large stores, but I have found a quart or two of sedge bulbs in their houses.

Compared with the humble cabin of the muskrat, the beaver's winter home is a grand ducal manor. His house would occupy the floor space of an ordinary human living room twelve by fifteen feet in area. The one large room for the beaver family measures about five feet long, three feet wide and two feet high. The cavity is large enough for a man to hide in, as I know by actually trying it. This animal manor is built of sticks and mud, and after frost has converted the soft mud into solid mortar the beaver can truly say, "My house is my castle." The entrances to this castle are placed under water, just as in the muskrat's cabin.

#### Beavers Store Up Winter Supplies

Beavers live principally on the bark and twigs of poplar and other trees, but as lumbering in winter, when wolves and lynxes, bobcats and foxes are mad with hunger would mean certain death to every beaver trying it, the beaver people have had to get their food in some other way, and they have found the way. Before their pond freezes over they cut down poplars, willows and other food trees. This material they cut up into sticks from two to six feet long and pickle them in the water near their house, making a brush pile, as trappers call it. Later in winter when a beaver feels hungry he pulls out one of these green pickled sticks, eats the bark and pushes the peeled stick back into the water under the ice.

The most unique way of passing the winter has been hit upon by the bat. These innocent and useful creatures are true mammals, like cattle, dogs and horses, and a new-born bat feeds on its mother's milk just as lambs and kittens are fed. The adults feed on insects, which they hunt on the wing, after the manner of swallows. There are no insects to hunt in winter, so there is nothing for them to do but sleep, and that is what our northern bats do all winter. However, they use no bed or nest, not even a perch. They hang themselves up by their toe-nails, and in this position await the call of spring. In caves, in hollow trees, in hollow walls of buildings hundreds of them are sometimes found huddled together. They do not sleep very soundly, for if they are disturbed they yawn and squeak, and even try to bite with their tiny white teeth. A few years ago I photographed a sleeping bat in a cave at Fort Snelling.



SHEEP IN FRANKLIN PARK, BOSTON



ADMIRAL TOGO

#### For Our Dumb Animals ADMIRAL TOGO

The accompanying picture is an excellent likeness of the large black and white bulldog, Admiral Togo Jenkins, owned by Dr. Charles E. Jenkins, of Lynn, Massachusetts.

Togo is a dog of unusual intelligence. He is very fond of his master's horse, Billy, and enjoys riding. Whenever the Doctor phones the stable for the horse, Togo immediately goes to the door ready for a ride. The Doctor may call up any other number on the phone and Togo pays no attention whatever, but the moment he gives the stable number Togo starts for the outer door. Even though he may be sleeping soundly he always knows and hears this number.

When riding he never allows the Doctor to use the whip on Billy. If he is even touched with it Togo barks loudly. He accompanies the Doctor to the hospital and is a general favorite with the physicians and nurses. Not long since he was sitting by the window in the office waiting for the Doctor, and watching the horse. In some way it happened that Billy fell down. Immediately Togo jumped from his seat and ran barking to the matron, then back again to the window until he made her understand the trouble and call the Doctor. A happier dog one never saw than was Togo as he ran about the horse, encouraging the men who were assisting the Doctor to get him up on his feet.

Frequently Togo accompanies his master on business and professional trips. It happened that one cold morning in January the Doctor had to take a trip to New Hampshire. The

night before, as he was preparing to go, his daughter asked if he was to take Togo. The Doctor replied, "No, I think it too cold. He would certainly need his blanket if he went." Nothing more was said about it. The family were astir very early next morning helping the Doctor off. Togo seemed to feel very much disappointed and evidently decided to make one more attempt to persuade his master to take him. He went to the bed-room, took his blanket from beside the radiator and placed it near the dining-room door where the family were at breakfast. Then after a moment's pause he took it in his mouth once more, went into the office, and placed it over the Doctor's satchel which stood packed upon his desk. Togo can always tell the satchel which his master carries to New Hampshire. Very soon the Doctor came into the office and, seeing what Togo had done, said, "Well, Togo, if you wish to go as much as that you shall." And he went.

So well does Togo seem to understand English that he always gets what he is sent for, whether it be the Doctor's medicine case, satchel, rubbers, or a package. He also tells the Doctor's patients whether his master is in his office or not. If there he pays no attention whatever, but if the Doctor is out he barks loudly as if to say, "The Doctor is not in—it will be of no use for you to stop longer."

BESSIE HAM,

Lynn, Mass.

#### THE SHEEP-HERDER

The one marvel of the work of the sheep-herder in handling a thousand or two thousand sheep is the almost human intelligence of his dogs. Indeed, it would be almost impossible to handle sheep without dogs.

The herder walks to a high point, and seemingly the dogs do the rest, for with a single motion one dog has gone one way and a second in an opposite direction, and the sheep are being turned or rounded up. The herder shouts his commands as far as his voice will carry—and this is much farther than a man would hear and understand. Then the voice is supplemented by motions. Beyond hearing and sight, the dog executes the last command as he understands it and returns.

It is doubtful if the shepherd's life would be tolerable if the herder were entirely alone, and if he were not constantly active, even though his duties are simple. His dogs become almost human in their companionship, the herder talking to them and sharing all of his simple comforts. If the herder is a bit of a philosopher in his crude, unlettered way, then it may be—as some one has said—"that a great man is never less alone than when he is alone."

RANDALL R. HOWARD in *The Outlook*.



For Our Dumb Animals

#### ON FINDING AN EMPTY BIRD'S-NEST

I found it lying empty on the ground—  
A fragile thing, tossed by the autumn breeze;  
What hopes and tender longings clustered round  
This tiny cradle torn from out the tree's  
Green shelter, thus I mused, as in my hand  
I held it, noting with what subtle skill  
The feathered architect and builder planned  
The home now tenantless; with heart a-thrill  
With springtide gladness here his brooding mate  
Enraptured listened to his gushing flute  
Outpour its melodies whilst she did wait  
The call of voices yet unborn and mute:—  
What love and joy and music were enmeshed  
Within this miracle, this frail, wee nest!

LOUELLA C. POOLE.

#### HIGHWAYS OF THE BIRDS

A wonderful picture is presented to the imagination by Doctor Gromier's description of the gathering of the migratory birds of France for their annual flight toward Africa. He shows that they have two great atmospheric highways which they pursue by preference—one leading over the Pyrenees by the principal passes into Spain, and thence to the Strait of Gibraltar; and the other skirting the Alps, and passing down the whole length of Italy. As the season advances, the birds may be seen converging from western, central and southern France toward the Pyrenean passes. Sometimes the same species, such as the chaffinch, divide into two parties, which Dr. Gromier thinks he can distinguish by the character of their songs, one taking the Spanish and the other the Italian route. Each species has its favorite way, depending on the supply of the kinds of food it prefers. The bullfinch follows the ranges of low hills; the blackbird keeps to the vineyards; and some kinds follow the watercourses and the shore lines.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### "COPIE"

We have sometimes wondered what might be the fate of an automobile driver who crushes out life through careless running, if he were not able to escape from the scene of his murdering by the swiftness of his machine. An instance of gross recklessness and utter disregard of its fatal consequences and the sorrow caused thereby, is reported in the Quincy, Massachusetts, *Ledger*. The account is vouched for by a well known resident of that city:

One of the most intelligent and lovable dogs in the city met almost instant death on Washington street recently, struck by a large touring car, whose occupants sped on, indifferent to what they had done. It was only a dog! What cared they? But there are dogs—and dogs; and to those who knew and loved "Copie" he seemed almost human. His face was particularly pleasing, and his shapely head and big brown eyes full of expression, had attracted the attention of sculptors who had sought him as a model for a statue. His gentleness was shown in his great fondness for kittens. He had brought home no less than four tiny waifs, proudly exhibiting them to the members of his family. It was a familiar sight, "Copie" and his kitten strolling along the streets, his sharp ears and keen eyes ever on the alert for danger. No one could coax him to go for a walk while his kitten was with him to be cared for. "Copie" was a Scotch collie. His many friends around City square will miss him.

#### THOUGHT IT WAS ANIMAL FOOD

It is related of an Irish coachman that, being in failing health, his doctor prescribed more animal food for him.

Remembering his case a few days afterward, he called upon Pat at the stable.

"Well, Pat," said he, "how are you getting on with the treatment?"

"Oh, sure, sir," Pat replied. "Oi manage all roight with the grain and oats, but it's mighty hard with the chopped hay."

#### SACRIFICED TO FASHION

Beautiful and Graceful Terns Killed by Wholesale for Hat Trimmings

Only a few years ago it was quite common to find terns from the Arctic regions to the Gulf of Mexico along the Atlantic shores collected in vast rookeries, where they reared their speckled broods. A school of bluefish would bring scores of these beautifully clad birds dashing down all at once and cleaving the surface of the water like darts, each eagerly doing his best to reap his share of the harvest. Then rising again in the air, with one vigorous shake the salt spray would disappear from their glossy feathers while they made ready for another wild plunge. On such occasions the excitement waged fast and furious among the feathered hunters, while the poor frightened fish beneath made the water fairly boil and bubble by their savage rushes to escape.

The terns nest late in May, building their homes in the deep marshes by breaking a few of the tall weeds and high grasses so as to form the rudest apology for a bird nest.

The parent birds are exceedingly attentive to their young, oftentimes feeding them from their own beaks without settling, then sailing away again in search of more food.

The wide marshes of Long Island and New Jersey coasts were the favorite nesting resorts of these birds for years. They reared thousands and even millions of young each season; but, sad to relate, the destructive and cruel fashion of wearing the wings, heads, and even whole birds in women's hats arose, and now they are almost exterminated in these localities. The ceaseless persecutions of the plume hunters have very nearly rid our eastern coast of these fine-plumaged birds.

They have been slaughtered and brought into market by boat loads and their feathers sold to wholesale milliners, who made them up into women's headgear, until it is now necessary for the hunters to seek other shores than ours for such marketable products. However, it is to be hoped they may come back when our beneficent bird laws have had time to operate and be obeyed.

A. W. DOUGHERTY in *The Visitor*.

I know not that we have this absolute right  
Over all animal life for human use;  
But this I know, the slaying in mere sport,  
Without or skill or danger, without need,  
Moves my abhorrence.

WILLIAM JAMES LINTON.

#### CANINE CHARITY

"Jack," a handsome Irish setter, is the hero of a story related in the *Brooklyn Times*, which illustrates that dogs, as well as humans, have a code of ethics entirely their own, and that the prosperous dog has a soft spot in his heart for his down-and-out companion.

"I was walking along Broadway," says the contributor, "when I noticed a poor, half-starved mongrel, nosing in the gutter, evidently looking for something to eat. Up came a prosperous looking setter, with a handsome brass collar, who stood for a second regarding him, then went up to him, and with a 'come on' shake of the head invited him to follow. The gesture was so human that I thought I would see the affair out. Running in front, the setter looked back now and then to see if the mongrel was following. Sometimes he gave two shakes of the head, indicating exactly the way a man would indicate to another man to follow him.

"Before one of the brownstone dwelling houses on Linden street the setter paused, where a large pail of garbage was standing. The setter made immediately for the pail, jumped up and buried his head in it, and brought forth a well-covered beef bone and threw it to his companion. Then he settled himself gravely on his haunches to watch the other eat.

"If I had not been a witness of the incident I would not have believed it. It was too human for words. I was determined to find out the owner of the dog, and followed him home, where I had a talk with his master, who said that 'Jack' could do everything but speak."

#### DROWNING BOY SAVED BY DOG

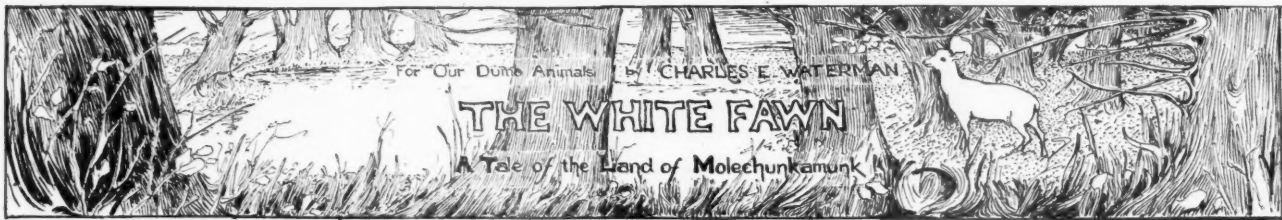
A Scotch collie owned by a doctor in Greenville, Illinois, showed bravery recently such as entitles one to a Carnegie hero medal. Francis Cox, eight years old, was skating on a pond near his home when the ice broke and he sank into the water. His calls for help were answered by the collie.

The dog ran to the bank, seemed to realize the peril of the boy and plunged into the water. Taking hold of the back of the young lad's coat, the animal towed him to a place where he could reach the bank.

The father of the boy offered a fancy price for the animal, but the owner of the dog refused to sell.



A PAIR OF MISSOURI MULES



## CHAPTER III.

## An Orphan



AND might be called a lightening change artist. In the spring he was a fisherman, in the summer a farmer, in the autumn a hunter, and in the winter a woodsman. When he returned from this August expedition to secure his crops before the hunting season should open, he found a letter from Judge Tinkham, telling him to be on hand on the first day of the open season, and asking him in what locality the best sport could be obtained. With this request Rand complied, telling him the best station to alight from the train, and saying that he would have a camp near that place ready for occupancy. He also informed him that a white fawn had been seen in the locality named.

This bit of news decided the Judge. He wrote asking Rand to have everything in readiness and saying that he would be there at the appointed time. So one morning when the autumn display of crimson and gold had faded and the dead leaves lay about the ground, their rustling deadened by fall rains, he appeared accompanied by two friends.

"I hope," he said, as he stepped down from the cars to the depot platform and greeted Rand, who with two sons had met him, "that we shall have an early snow. The sky looks like it. Snow will make tracking easier. By the way, seen that white fawn lately? One hundred dollars bonus to you if we get her!"

The company then started off down the trail through the woods, the guides laden with the luggage, the hunters following with the guns. The party had arrived in the afternoon and it was dark when the camp was reached. The interior had been cleaned, fresh hemlock boughs placed in the bunks, wood put in the stove ready to be lighted, and a supper provided that only needed cooking.

The visitors were tired with their long car ride and the tramp through the woods. The camp was a welcome sight, but its rather dark interior must have been depressing as well, paradoxical as it may seem, for when they were seated around the fire, one of the men asked:

"Why do men leave comfortable homes to spend even a short time in shacks like these?"

"Why, it's the 'call of the wild'—the desire to shake off the veneer of civilization for a time and lead the 'simple life.' It's the savage in man in spite of centuries of civilization."

In the morning the hunting began and the men with their guns tramped miles through the forest over hill and dale. It was a strenuous life for men who must patronize street cars for the travel of even a block in the city, and they came back to the camp at night thoroughly tired. The results were meagre too. Each of the men was entitled to two deer by the law of the state, but although quite a number had been seen only one or two had been bagged.

The deer had become wild, for there were other parties of hunters, and every day rendered approach to them more uncertain. This fact had caused more or less grumbling, and besides that not a glimpse had been obtained of the white fawn. Every day the guides had

to answer the question,—"Where can she be?"

At last the time neared when the party must break up—when the enslaving callings of civilization demanded their return, and it was determined to make one mighty effort to secure the number which the law allowed. As the forest had proved an unsuccessful hunting ground, it was resolved to move down to Rand's farm for the last effort.

Grass is not the only inducement for deer to encroach on civilization. Orchards offer a temptation, and they steal down upon them, especially in the night. It was determined to take advantage of this temptation.

Night was the time chosen for this last grand hunt. The moon was at her full, transmuting all of the gnarled branches that faced her into silver, and casting black shadows behind each rock and tree. Like a band of conspirators the members of the party crept behind a stone wall and peered through the interstices between the stones. The orchard was empty so far as animals were concerned.

"There is plenty of time," said Rand.

So the party waited, silent for the most part, for fear that the sound of their conversation would reach the deer, if any came, and thereby frighten them.

It seems to be a singular thing that the Frost King always works hardest on a moonlight night. He has an artistic nature, as any one knows who has observed his window decorating, and he seems to realize to what an advantage his gem-like crystals appear on a silver background.

"Oh, dear!" said one of the men. "I believe we are all fools! Here I am just about frozen, lying on the ground, waiting for a deer that may never come, and that we do not need if he should. If we were simply hunters and needed a carcass for food, we should call this a good deal like work; but we are trying to call it play—rather cruel play, too—the destruction of life."

"Oh, you are 'spleeny,'" said the Judge. "Wait till we get back to Rand's and have some mulled cider, and you'll feel better! Hark! What's that?"

A snapping of twigs in one corner of the orchard had caught the attention of the party, and they immediately strained their eyes in the direction from which the sound came, to catch a glimpse of something stirring. In a moment or two, wavering shadows appeared among the stationary ones, and finally three bodies followed the shadows.

Yes, they were deer—a buck, a doe and a fawn. In the moonlight their cream-colored bodies looked almost white; but there was a difference in the white of the adult animals from that of the fawn. The light color of the deer in the moonlight made their forms indistinct, and their position was marked more by the almost black shadows than the bodies themselves.

"I believe that is the white fawn," whispered Rand, cautiously.

During this time each member of the party had been carefully thrusting the barrel of his rifle through holes in the stone wall and trying to pick out the form he intended to hit. All at once there was a report and one of the animals fell, while the others bounded off.

"Oh, couldn't wait until we all had got bead on a deer, could you?" asked the disgruntled hunter who was shaking with cold.

"Forgot all about you, Jack," said the

Judge. "In fact, my whole thought was on the white fawn."

"But you didn't get him," returned Jack. "It's the doe you hit."

"Well, the fact is, in this confounded moonlight, I couldn't tell which was the fawn."

"Well, I'm not proud of this night's work," complained the angry Jack. "To begin with, it don't seem just right to hunt an animal because he's white—yet that is what we are apt to do with mankind," he added in an aside. "A white man is a marked man, and it seems that a white deer is a marked deer. But I wish you had killed her instead of the mother. I think she'll miss her in the cold winter coming on."

(To be continued)

## TURN ABOUT

Shrill the eagle's shriek rang out  
O'er the crag to his brooding mate,  
And the loon's weird laugh of scorn  
Woke the echoes around the lake,  
And the timid deer raised her head to hear,  
From her covert in the brake,  
For a cruel, deadly foe of the hated tribe of men  
Was on the trail with fire and steel  
And a lust for the blood of them.

So the black bear shambled by  
To his lair in the forest dim,  
While the wildcat flatly crouched  
On a sheltering hemlock limb;  
But the rabbit shook as he slyly took  
One startled glance at him;  
And the crafty fox lay low  
Where her kits were turned to stone,  
And lessening specks in the distant sky  
Betrayed where the birds had flown.

Then the squirrel chattered loud,  
And rejoiced with such wanton glee,  
That the bravest of the crowd  
Stole slyly back to see—  
The trapper trapped—ah! his futile wrath  
And his cries of agony.  
But the eagle screams that his hour is come,  
While the wolf's eyes glare and shine,  
And a raven sits on a near-by limb  
And calmly bides his time.

IRENE POMERY SHIELDS,  
in *Outdoor Life*.



If every one did an act of daily kindness to his neighbor, and refused to do any unkindness, half the sorrow of this world would be lifted and disappear. IAN MACLAREN.



Photograph from National Audubon Societies  
PASSENGER PIGEON

For Our Dumb Animals  
**A COLONY OF ANTS**

**T**HEY were large black ants working on a section of a weather-worn, fir log, rotten throughout.

Through a tiny opening on the side of the log, sawdust was being dumped out with all the regularity of up-to-date machinery. All around the grounds looked like a sawmill in miniature.

On top of the heap of the previous day, plainly marked off by its damp condition and dark color, the new dry woody particles rose, cone-shaped, nearly to the small aperture's edge, in measure a pint at least.

Some extra large fellows, working in pairs, were engaged in busily toting off the ejected particles, the accumulation of which threatened to block the main entrance. One would start off briskly with a whole armful, as it were, stuck together. Before long some of the pieces would drop apart, but each particle would be returned for and carefully gathered up, the largest always being selected first. They saw to it too that the rubbish was taken to a proper distance—never less than twelve or fifteen inches from the main pile, and it was scattered judiciously, not dumped all in one heap.

The commissary department was represented by a little industrious chap, who would disappear from the other side of the log for a time, and soon return with provender. Once he returned with a green aphid as his trophy. Startled by our dog, he tumbled off the log and we lost sight of him for some time. But he came into view again, and rewarded us for our patience in waiting, by letting us see that, with the tenacity of a bulldog, he still held on to the aphid.

And now the biggest ant yet—the boss, no doubt, came forth from the main door and surveyed the whole operation. He rubbed his feelers briskly, and then went down and in-

spected the main pile, calculating evidently the progress being made. What a time he had finding his way back! Once there, he seemed to reconnoiter before entering. He then faced the workers from the doorway, waving his feelers authoritatively, and giving out orders and commands to them all.

Two or three smaller ants guarded the entrance from within. Occasionally they ran out and peered over to see how near the sawdust pile was to the door.

But suddenly there was a pause. Not an ant was to be seen. The machinery was stopped. Could it be the dinner hour?

Just as suddenly up started the machinery again. An extra hand had been put on to work with the two carriers at the cone-shaped pile. They all seemed to work with added zest, as if to make up for lost time.  
ELIZABETH H. CALVERT,  
Seattle, Wash.

The fashion which decrees the wholesale slaughter of birds for the adornment of woman is followed only by women who lack individual artistic taste. There is nothing which feathers, obtained at the sacrifice of a bird life, can do to beautify a bonnet which cannot be achieved by grasses, flowers, chiffon, lace and ribbons.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

**THE LAST WILD PIGEON**

**O**NE lone passenger pigeon, the last survivor of the species, so far as is known, lives at the zoological garden in Cincinnati. She is eighteen years old. With her death will end the last chapter of a tale of human greed and desire to kill which has no parallel and which is almost incredible.

Less than fifty years ago the number of passenger or wild pigeons was estimated in billions. All eastern North America abounded in these beautiful and harmless birds. The flocks were so large that, when in flight, they extended as far as the eye could reach in every direction. So great was their number that it took several hours for a flock to fly past a given point. The bird hosts were often of such density as to obscure the sun.

The shot-gun and other common implements that have made havoc in bird life were not murderous enough in this pitiless butchery. Nets and decoys, poles, clubs, and pots of sulphur beneath the roosting-places hastened the extermination. The carcasses were left to decay upon the ground or to be food for hogs.

There are few if any more lamentable instances of man's destroying power and utter disregard of life in the animal or bird world than this. But there is one compensation. The extermination of the wild pigeon has served to arouse many to the grave necessity of protecting and restoring other birds before it is too late. The gulls, terns, grebes, egrets, ducks, must be saved from the fate of the wild pigeon.

**MIGRANTS**

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE in *The Outlook*

Through the frosty autumn night,  
Luminous and lone and bright,  
Comes the sound of rushing pinions  
And the far soft cries of flight.  
Swift beneath the stilly stars,  
Wings that sweep like scimitars  
Onward speed, and ever onward,  
From the winter's icy bars.

Looming mountains, vast, unknown,  
Now are mounted, overflown,  
And the misty plains call "Onward!"  
Through the starlight watching wan;  
Rolling rivers now are crost,  
Rivers rolling to the coast,  
And the lordly purple mountains  
In vague distances are lost.

Through the windy, wild sea-spray  
Where the inlet feeds the bay,  
On glimmering bars of tawny sand  
Their sweeping course they stay;  
There to bask and float at ease,  
Or, when flood meets off-shore breeze,  
To be shrouded in the surf-mist  
From the plunging, pounding seas.

And anon in creek and bay  
Inland they shall find their way  
To the gray, abandoned rice-fields  
And the river-reaches gray;  
There through waters warm to roam  
Till the voice of love shall come,  
And the spring through azure trumpets  
Calls them northward, calls them home!

Lo, the hour of flight is near;  
Beating pinions climb the air  
Through the darkness, through the darkness,  
Yet to them the way is clear.  
By the light of knowledge given  
Wide the ancient night is riven;  
And no surer guide than Knowing  
Is there granted under heaven.

**PERSEVERANCE**

It is related of Tamerlane that, when closely pursued by his enemies, he took refuge in a ruined building, where, left to his solitary musings, he espied an ant tugging and striving to carry a single grain of corn. His unavailing efforts were repeated sixty-nine times, and at each brave attempt, as soon as he reached a certain projecting point, he fell back with his burden, unable to surmount it; when lo! the seventieth time he bore away his spoil in triumph, and left the wondering hero reanimated and exulting in the hope of future victory.  
ORISON SWETT MARDEN.



Courtesy of Bible Training School

BLACK, BUT NOT A BLACKBIRD.



## THE HORSE

By Dr. GEORGE A. JAMESON in the *Horse World*

Unrivalled beauty o'er the charger spreads  
Its glory in a thousand matchless ways,  
As swiftly in his pride he lightly treads  
The fragrant meadows where his kindred graze.

Unfathomed instinct marks his thoughtful mind,  
Unfaltering courage swells his faithful heart,  
Unnumbered deeds his cunning hath designed  
Where countless dangers 'round his pathway start.

Unmeasured speed his fleeting step attends,  
Unbounded strength with every muscle twines,  
Unwonted kindness with his courage blends,  
While endless force with artless grace combines.

No toilsome yoke his lordly pride subdues,  
No galling burdens bow his crested mane;  
His springing feet the endless road pursues.  
Nor slacks his pace, nor frets the tugging rein.

The plowman swells with pride when he surveys  
The planted soil from which the harvest grows;  
The humble poor accord him thankful praise  
Whose footsteps mark their comfort where he goes.

The burden bearer he of every land,  
Whose heaping garner owns his patient toil;  
The gallant comrade of the great and grand,  
Who proudly own his lordship of the soil.

His bounding step the carriage swiftly wheels  
Among the shady parks or rural ways  
Where youthful pleasure's merry laughter peals,  
And owns his prowess with unstinted praise

No better friend adorns a fitful earth—  
Staunch, faithful, true; yokefellow wondrous kind,  
Where toil or pleasure tests the hero's worth,  
Delight or gain on him their trophies bind.

Ah, faithful friend in every useful field,  
Be kindly care thy greatest meed of praise,  
And gentle hands high laurels gladly yield  
Where merit crowns and merit only pays.

## LITTLE GIRL BECOMES FIREMAN

So fond of the fire horses at a certain station in New York city and so friendly are they to her, that Miss Gladys Freeman has been given a permit to enter the stables and feed and pet the horses. Accompanied by her eight-year-old brother, for whom she also secured the privilege, she visits the engine house daily, carrying carrots, apples or sugar, and to her heart's delight feeds them to the fire horses. Not only is the little girl a most welcome visitor to the horses, but to the men also she has become a great favorite. They have made her the mascot of the company and so she dresses in a red coat and hat and wears a badge. She is really more than a volunteer fireman, as her letter to the fire commissioner shows:

"Dear Sir:—I am a little girl nine years old. I moved to New York from the country about a month ago. I love horses and am fond of those at Engine House No. 18. I brought some carrots for the horses today, but I want to belong to the fire company and have a badge so I can visit the house and see them often. The firemen were very nice to me and showed me the monkey and parrot and the nice white horses. Please send me a badge and make me a fireman.

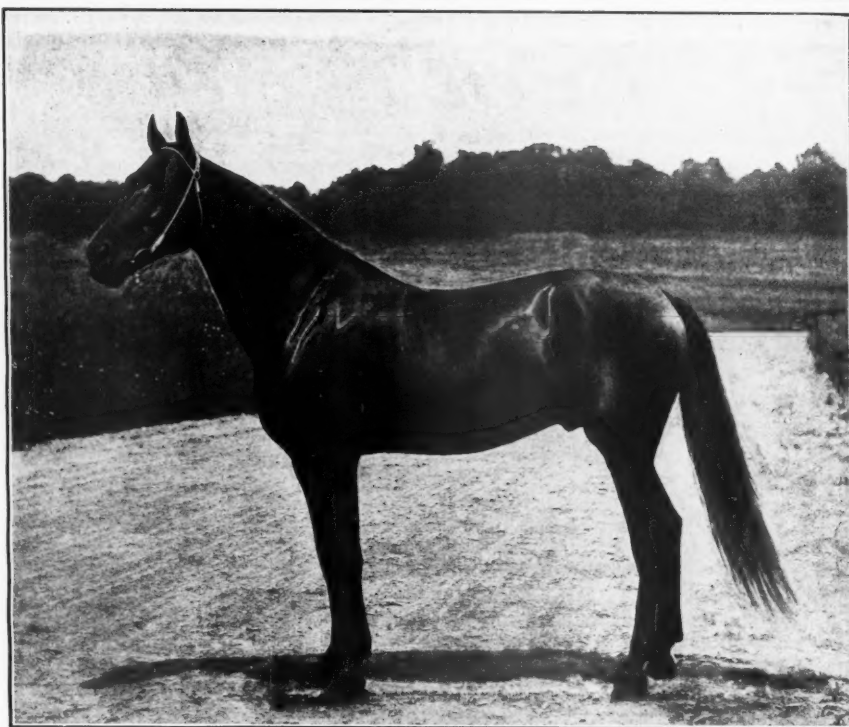
"From your little fireman,

"GLADYS FREEMAN."

## CITY HORSE REWARDED

Twenty years of faithful service given the city by a horse so moved the hearts of the city fathers of Minneapolis that they at once voted a reward of merit to the deserving animal.

The horse is "Billy," which has been running with the ambulance. Chief Corriston pleaded with the police committee to retire the old horse to a life of ease for the rest of its days, and the committee recommended to the council that this be done. The council listened to the story of the faithful animal and "Billy" was turned over to the Humane Society and will be left to roam at will about the workhouse farm.



BINGARA

Courtesy of Trotter and Pacer

## APPEAL TO THE KAISER

One of the worst of all the manias of fashion is to cut off the horse's tail, says Mr. John Grossgebauer, a silk manufacturer of Paterson, N. J., and president of the Passaic County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "This act is called docking, and is practised in defiance of law. It is a relic of the days when bull baiting and dog fighting were national sports in England. Even then it was only practised upon horses of the scanty, spear-tailed variety, but now nothing is sacred. Not very long ago the best horse shown under saddle at the Madison square horse show was ordered out of the ring because the owner was too humane to deprive the brute of nature's adornment, and almost the sole protection against the legion of pestiferous insects which madden horses in this climate."

Mr. Grossgebauer recently addressed a letter to Emperor William of Germany deprecating the "docked tail" of an equestrian statue of His Majesty. The text of the letter follows:—

His Majesty the German Emperor:

His Majesty will pardon if the writer takes up too much of His Majesty's valuable time. Being connected with a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals and having the humane cause warmly at heart, I decided to call His Majesty's attention to a feature connected with the first equestrian statue which in my humble opinion seems a lamentable error in this enlightened age.

I refer to the docked tail of the otherwise beautiful horse carrying His Majesty, and erected at the entrance of the new railroad bridge in Cologne, where it will be admired or condemned by millions for centuries to come.

His Majesty is no doubt aware that the docking of a horse's tail constitutes one of the worst cruelties—directly and indirectly—practised on the dumb beast, and in this instance on one of the noblest animals known, the horse. In my humble opinion it would be a mistake to leave the statue in its present shape.

A beautiful long tail might possibly be put in place of the stump. Such an alteration would not only add much to the beauty of the statue but would

also stop adverse criticism regarding His Majesty's feelings toward the humane cause.

Sincerely hoping that your Majesty will give this matter the attention it deserves, we remain, most respectfully,

Passaic County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,  
JOHN GROSSGEBAUER, President.

## HORSES THAT NEED NO DRIVERS

Horses, marching sedately and without the direction of a driver from one end of a block to the other, receiving a load of concrete at one end, turning without an order and drawing the load to the other end of the block, where it was needed for street-repairing work, kept a crowd constantly on the watch in Ridgeway avenue near West 26th street. The street was being repaved at that point and half a dozen of these self-driven horses were at work for several days.

They were gray old codgers, most of them, and their intelligence was the result of many years of work. In the middle of the street, half way between the point where the dumping carts were loaded, and where the paving was going on, stood a man who kept the line going up one side of the street and down the other with a few words to each horse as it went by.

"It's all a matter of practice and training," said J. R. Hoyne, who kept the line moving from his position in the center of the street. "We have had those same animals working for us for several years, and after a horse finds out what is wanted, why, he'll do it all right so long as it isn't anything awfully hard. Now that horse there," pointing to a dappled animal, "he didn't catch on for a good while, but he knows his business now, all right. But the one behind him there learned fast. They are just like people that way.

"The only trouble is that if we ever drive them down this way again, they would want to start in that back and forth business again, and you'd probably have to use the whip to get them out of the block."—Chicago Daily News.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
Boston, February, 1911ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor, 45 Milk Street.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION are given on the last  
page. All who send subscriptions or remittances are  
respectfully asked to examine our report of receipts  
which is published each month, and if they do not find  
the sums they have sent properly credited, to kindly  
notify us.AGENTS who take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are  
wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions will be given.TEACHERS may receive the paper for one year at  
the special price of twenty-five cents.BACK NUMBERS, for gratuitous distribution only,  
are for sale at greatly reduced prices.Our *American Humane Education Society*  
sends this paper this month to the editors  
of the twenty-two thousand, five hundred  
newspapers and magazines published on this  
continent north of Mexico.

## A ZOO WORTH HAVING

In the *Strand Magazine* for January is an illustrated account of the latest attraction at Hagenbeck's famous animal park at Stellingen, Germany. It is the beginning of what is to be a zoological garden representing the great prehistoric animals that lived and died in the earlier days of our wonderful mother, the earth. Many of these strange, almost impossible, looking children of hers she folded to her breast when they died, and hid them away so safely beneath some new draping of her mantle that every little while the fossil remains of one is found from whose nearly perfect skeleton it is possible to reconstruct with scientific accuracy the entire gigantic frame. Thirty of these huge monsters of sea and land are already finished and occupy a portion of the ground set apart to this "prehistoric zoo." They are built up of cement, we are told, by the well-known animal sculptor, Mr. J. Pallenburg, around the shores of a beautiful little lake some three acres in extent. Great "thunder lizards," rising twenty-five feet into the air, look as if they had just stepped out of a past too remote for our imagination even to conceive. Most weird and incredible of all is a ponderous dipodocus, the greatest of terrestrial animals of the by-gone ages. Its length is sixty-six feet and ten inches. This towering giant, wherever he went in his prime, left a footprint three feet across each way, and is supposed to have lived some eight or ten million years ago. "The skeleton of this was obtained in 1899 from the famous Bone Cabin Quarry in Central Wyoming—a veritable graveyard of prehistoric animals and fossil remains." This is the kind of "zoo" we would like to see established in our great cities. It would not only be far less costly than our present ones, but of larger educational value. The societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals would cheerfully take the contract to see that none of these primeval beasts and birds ever suffered from cold or heat, or from cruelty in any of its many shapes and forms, or ever wore their captive lives away pacing back and forth behind prison bars. F. H. R.

## A HUMANE GROCER

S. R. Grabill, a prominent grocer of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, sends us his subscription for two years and writes: "The paper should circulate in every school and institution of our country." Mr. Grabill uses a note-head which may well be imitated by business men who wish to help the humane cause. At the top of the page, to the left, appears his business card, while in a similar space to the right are printed the lines of Cowper quoted on the title page of *Our Dumb Animals*.

HUMANER METHODS IN SLAUGHTERING  
—A CRY FOR HELP

Yes, it is nothing less than a cry for help that we send out to every reader of this paper in Massachusetts, and could we persuade these readers to go with us into the slaughter-houses from which so much of the meat they eat comes, and there to witness the frightful scenes that are daily enacted, they too would join us in our cry for help. We are going to the legislature with a bill demanding the use of humaner methods in the killing of our food animals. We are far behind vast sections of Europe in this matter. We have actually made no improvement in this direction for twenty-five years, while other civilized nations have been studying the question and enacting laws that have abolished many of the cruelties connected with the slaughter-house.

Our contrivances for stunning the larger cattle before their throats are cut are for the most part the same ancient, crude instruments that our fathers used, and our calves, sheep and swine are daily, here in Massachusetts, killed by the hundreds and often by the thousands, in about as inhuman a manner as could be devised. Caught up by a chain suddenly fastened to a hind ankle, swinging from this chain which is attached at the upper end to a wheel that runs round in an iron track, they go sailing down the bloody way one after the other till each in its turn reaches the man with the knife who doubles back the head and then makes the fatal stab. In gushes the blood pours over head and face, and struggling, kicking, pawing, the poor creature lingers—we have timed them—sometimes two minutes, sometimes five minutes, before death ends it all.

Go and see it, humane and kind-hearted reader! Why shouldn't you? It's done for you—you and I create the demand that is making this hell of cruelty for these victims of the slaughter-house what it is. We are responsible. Men would not be in this business if you and I did not want someone to dye himself from head to foot day by day in blood that we might have meat to eat. Of course you wouldn't plunge that sharp knife into the throat of that innocent lamb that looks up so appealingly into your face, but someone must do it if you are to have your delicate chop for breakfast or lunch. Then in the name of all that's gentle and tender and just and fair in the human heart let us pledge ourselves to secure a law whereby it shall become obligatory upon every man who takes the life of one of these animals for our sake, to take it in the humanest way possible. Let us insist that we who are responsible for the slaughter shall have our calves and sheep and swine subjected to no needless suffering, that they be not permitted to stand where they can witness the whole process of the killing, and the dying struggle of those preceding them; and above all that each of these shall be mercifully stunned by a blow of some sort accurately aimed at a vital spot, before the knife does its work.

This rendering unconscious before bleeding is compulsory in Switzerland, Denmark, and large sections of Germany. It is a reproach to us as a nation that the same law does not prevail here. We want it. We are going to have it, no matter how long we work for it. When you see that this bill is before the legislature of the state give your representative no peace till he votes for it. Not one in a thousand would fail to insist that his representative so vote, if he would go with us for just one hour to the place of slaughter. Go there in imagination at least and then act. Write your representative and senator at the State House. Induce others to write. Once let Massachusetts get such a law on its statute books and this influence over the other states would be invaluable. Why should not this noble old commonwealth lead here as in so many other splendid reforms? F. H. R.

## THE SENTIMENTALIST

The following is taken from a very clever article that recently appeared in *The Animals' Friend*. It so thoroughly expresses some of the things many of us have thought, and said in other forms, that we cannot refrain from giving it a wider reading. We too know the men and women who seem to imagine it a shame to have to confess that they have human sympathies, and hearts that can feel as well as heads that can know:

"The strange thing is that people always seem to think they ought to help this feeling; they always mention it in a deprecating way, as if it were forbidden in the Bible, or at least were contrary to the canons of humor and good taste. It's practically a universal feeling among civilized persons nowadays; but people are afraid of it, and will take it in only very small doses. Anyone who is reasonable and honest enough to give way to the feeling, to allow it to govern his speech and actions is considered weak and silly. He is a sentimentalist. We seem to think there's something practical and robust in cramping our hearts. You might as well say it was practical and robust to wear tight boots.

"We are evolving from a state of sentiment towards a state of more sentiment; you may not like this idea, but you can't close your eyes to it without a taint of insincerity stealing into your life. You can't help the feeling of sympathy growing and increasing in humanity any more than a lobster can help its claws growing. Men are sentimentalists as lobsters are crustaceans. All the fine things done in art and life have been done by people who have yielded to their natural emotions. People don't do great works, nor work for great causes, because they have been convinced that they are right, but because they feel that they are beautiful.

"It would be more dignified and honest for men to acknowledge the growing power of this sympathy; it's absurd to try to act as if there were no such thing. Yet people who don't think there's anything "gushing" about falling into an ecstasy of rage when they find they've gone in the wrong omnibus seem to live in mortal terror of this tiny, undeveloped germ of compassion in their own hearts. They're afraid to encourage it, afraid to talk about it, lest they should (as they say) lose their sense of proportion and go too far. . . .

"There's no danger of the average person going too far; there's a perfect network of lines everywhere—the lines drawn about us by our own fears, our own coldness and lightness of heart, our dulness of imagination, our respect for traditions and customs. Pity is an acknowledgment of kinship in suffering. But it's something more. It's the Divine protective instinct. In a physical body the consciousness rushes swiftly to the spot where pain is felt. In the social organism the highest types of men go down to the service of the lowest—the suffering, the outcast, the wronged. They can't help it. So, in an individual, the real self, the true life, the part that is going to survive and make the future, is the part that can't help rushing out in response to the cry for help." F. H. R.

## THE WISDOM OF A JUDGE

Three lads were recently brought into the Juvenile Court of Boston before Judge Baker upon the charge of harming the pigeons on the Common. Instead of ordering the boys to pay a fine, which would have given them a criminal record, the Judge placed them upon probation, and ordered that each of the two older boys save his spending money to the amount of three dollars which should be paid to our Society. The third boy, much younger, was ordered, by way of punishment, for three or four Saturday mornings to copy selections from our "Lessons on Kindness."

We have received the six dollars, with which we have made all three boys branch members of our Society and entered their names on the list of subscribers to *Our Dumb Animals*.

Could there be a finer instance than this of what a wise, thoughtful Judge can do to help those brought before him by the judgment passed upon them? F. H. R.





Offices, 45 Milk Street, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;

HON. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer;

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;

EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

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JOSEPH M. RUSSELL, HARRY L. ALLEN,

HARVEY R. FULLER,

E. S. VAN STEENBERGH,

EDGAR F. COMEE, Night Agent.

Correspondence is solicited from any part of Massachusetts direct to the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston, but it is essential that particulars be given accurately, with names, addresses or team numbers of offending drivers or owners.

The Society has local agents in practically each city and town in the state, but maintains district agents with headquarters as follows:

Where to Report Complaints

Berkshire, Hampden and Hampshire Counties—DEXTER A. ATKINS, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 828-11.

Franklin and Worcester Counties—ROBERT L. DYSON, Worcester, 314 Main Street. Tel. 2494.

Dukes, Nantucket, Barnstable and Bristol Counties—HENRY A. PERRY, Mansfield. Tel. 153.

Plymouth, Norfolk, Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk Counties—Cases are attended to by agents of the Society having their headquarters at the central office, 45 Milk Street, Boston. Tel. Fort Hill 2640. Night, Sunday, and holiday calls always answered.

#### OUR MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined	3,302
Number of prosecutions	24
Number of convictions	23
Horses taken from work	118
Horses humanely killed	103

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has received the bequest of Charles H. Draper of Brookline. It also acknowledges gifts for the new motor ambulance of \$250 from Mrs. Ezra R. Thayer, \$100 from Mrs. David Nevins, \$50 from Mrs. Costello C. Converse, \$25 from Mrs. Ellen F. Moseley, \$25 "In memory of Ruby," \$10 from Mrs. Jacob Hittinger, and 25 cents from Miss Harriet Hill; and for the Angell Memorial Building, \$50 each from Mrs. E. H. Byington and Miss Mary Woodman, and \$25 each from William Lindsey and Mrs. Albertina von Arnim. The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. William O. Moseley of Newburyport, Mrs. Oliver W. Peabody of Milton, and A. Ward Lamson of Dedham.

Boston, January 16, 1911.

#### DR. ROWLEY AT CONCORD, N. H.

President Rowley was the speaker at a public meeting of the S. P. C. A. in Concord, New Hampshire, held December 30 last. Ex-Mayor Corning of that city, judge of the probate court, is president of the Society which numbers other prominent citizens among its earnest workers.

#### WALTHAM ANIMAL AID SOCIETY

An enthusiastic meeting of the Waltham Animal Aid Society was held January 12, when Dr. John W. Willis, president, and the other principal officers were reelected. An animal shelter has been opened where stray and injured cats and dogs are received.

#### OUR NEW AMBULANCE

Nearly twenty-five years ago Mrs. William Appleton, of gracious memory in our Society, gave us a horse ambulance. In its day it was as excellently adapted for its purpose as any similar vehicle in the country. But here again "time makes ancient good uncouth." More horses in Boston mean more horses disabled and so more calls for our ambulance, and that means the necessity on our part of being able to answer more quickly the calls that come. The Pennsylvania and New York societies have been for nearly a year operating successfully electric ambulances and speak highly of the more efficient service attained through them.

The most careful estimates indicate a saving of several hundred dollars a year in the cost of maintenance, including even depreciation from wear and tear. At present we pay \$1500 annually to have a span of horses and a man ready night and day to respond to any summons. The superintendent of the Pennsylvania society, which has its own stable and men, wrote us some months ago that during the twenty-four weeks they had had their machine they had answered 170 calls. The cost of the current was an average of \$1.70 a week. Will not some of our good friends, in addition to those who have already done so, contribute toward our new ambulance? This year it happens that so few wills in which we have been remembered have been settled and the bequests paid, that we are having to draw quite heavily upon past contributions for current expenses.

F. H. R.

#### OUR FATAL PAVEMENTS

We think we are justified in applying to them this adjective. Certainly when horse after horse goes down upon them and must then be shot because of a broken leg they are fatal to them. This is what happens almost every day during the autumn, winter and spring, when we get a little snow or ice on such outrageously dangerous streets as Tremont, parts of Washington, Boylston and others that might be mentioned. It's a sight to move to pity the heart of a Borgia to see the straining, the slipping, the falling of the horses on such a morning. No matter how sharply shod they may be there are times when the cold has made the pavement hard as steel and no footing is possible. The horse soon becomes afraid that he will fall as he sees with what difficulty he keeps upon his feet and naturally loses heart, dares not attempt to pull his load, and the situation becomes most perplexing to driver, policeman and interested public. The wooden block and asphalt on streets where heavy traffic must pass, and particularly where there is even the slightest grade, constitute pavements that all lovers of horses would prohibit if they could. In our desire to lessen the noise arising from stone-paved streets we have added enormously to the burden of suffering laid particularly upon the draft-horse. Our new superintendent of streets has promised our Society and several corporations owning horses that the most dangerous stretches of pavement should be thoroughly sanded early in the morning of days when the conditions are bad. This at present seems all we can do to help out our friends the horses in this direction.

F. H. R.

#### LOWELL HUMANE SOCIETY

The annual report of the Lowell, Massachusetts, Humane Society, recently issued, shows a year of unusual activity on the part of its agent, Charles F. Richardson. Cases involving 1,453 animals have been investigated and relieved. A pleasing note in the secretary's report is the recognition of the value of the observance of Humane Day in the public schools and its recommendation by Superintendent Whitcomb. Meetings of directors have been held monthly and the financial support given the Society has enabled it to pay all bills. The efficient work of this organization bespeaks for it a much larger working capital.

#### HIS DINNER IN DANGER

The new arrangement whereby the horse owner who would feed his horse at noon on the streets of Boston must pay a dollar per year for the privilege, we fear has cost more than one hard-working servant of man his daily noon meal. To be sure the cost of the permit is trifling when thought of as divided among something like three hundred days, but there are many who will avoid the payment of the dollar if they can, and we have no doubt that among a certain class of hucksters and peddlers it will mean letting the horse go hungry till night. As not a few of these men feed none too generously at the best, their half-fed horses are only finding their lot harder than ever. Trucking concerns owning from fifty to two hundred horses naturally are not pleased with the plan.

When one thinks of the money that might be saved the city in other directions, this attempt at increasing the revenue has little in its favor. As the requirement applies to all corporations and contractors, many of whom cannot reach their stables at the noon hour, and as only 2,937 permits were asked for last year, we judge that many a horse took up his afternoon work wondering what had become of his dinner. Is Boston so poor that it must resort to such methods to get a few extra dollars?

F. H. R.

#### SPECIFIC CASES

We do not make a practice of giving month by month instances of cruelty discovered and dealt with by the Society. Perhaps it would be wiser to spread the wretched story before our readers, but we have hesitated lest it should seem like needlessly distressing many a sensitive reader. The reason is not for lack of material. Just now we make an exception to mention three flagrant cases. One was that of a man who in his anger seized an iron bar and seriously injured his horse in the beating he gave him. Fined fifteen dollars. Another was that of a driver who savagely attacked his horse with the butt end of his whip, pounding him with blow after blow about the head. Fined fifty dollars. Still another was that of a young man who struck a horse over the head with a wooden club and actually gouged out an eye. This latter fellow was fined by the judge the enormous sum of twenty dollars. We expected his sentence would be six months in the house of correction. It's a comfort to think that such instances of extreme brutality are rare. Yet how many of them occur un-  
witnessed by any who report them to us; we can never tell. "You wait till I get you in the barn tonight, you—brute, and I'll fix you," was the remark of one driver to his horse, whose cruel hand was stayed by a brave woman. There certainly is a vast improvement in the situation over years ago.

F. H. R.

#### JAIL SENTENCE FOR CRUELTY

Charged with cruelty and neglect in keeping a cow with a broken leg, George Steinson was found guilty and fined one hundred dollars in the superior court at Springfield, Massachusetts. The defendant had appealed from the lower court where, last September, on complaint of Agent Dexter A. Atkins of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. he was fined twenty-five dollars for this offence. Judge Schofield refused to grant a new trial or time in which to pay the fine and the defendant was committed to the house of correction for three months.

#### PRESIDENT ROWLEY IN CUBA

President Francis H. Rowley of our Societies left for Havana, Cuba, on January 19. He will spend a fortnight in studying conditions in the island republic, especially with reference to the treatment of animals and the methods employed by the humane societies there. He will favor our readers with an account of his observations in special articles to appear in the March issue of *Our Dumb Animals*.



### ARE WE CIVILIZED?

Is this not a pertinent question in the light of the fact that there is not a state in the Union that has ever passed any law dealing directly with the humane slaughtering of our food animals? Of course there are the general statutes forbidding cruelty, but try to prove in court that the present methods of slaughter are cruel and any number of witnesses can be found to swear that they are not, that you are making a great ado about nothing, and that to take time to kill animals humanely would seriously interfere with the profits of the business. More than a hundred million food animals, not including fowl or fish, are yearly brought to our slaughter-houses and no law anywhere throughout our land that says, "Before you jerk this animal up by the hind leg and then thrust the knife into its throat you shall render it unconscious by stunning it or by some humane method deprive it of sensation." Nowhere is there any statute that prevents the butcher from compelling animals about to be killed from standing and witnessing the slaughter of other animals.

Discount the welfare of the animal. Refuse to take the slightest interest in its sufferings. The fact that you or your neighbor is to eat the flesh of that creature, frightened and suffering as it meets death and endures the misery of it, would seem to be enough to make even the most hardened among us supporters of our bill for the humane killing of our food animals, now before the Massachusetts legislature.

F. H. R.

### IT STRUCK HOME

A copy of the *Army and Navy Journal* has come to us with a paragraph marked in which *Our Dumb Animals* is taken severely to task for an article in its Christmas number on "War." The article in question is somewhat sneeringly criticised as being the sorriest of mixtures of unreason and perversion of facts. No single instance of either, however, is given. Nothing is easier than to make such sweeping assertions. If the critic had pointed out some instance of the author's folly or misrepresentation it would have sounded less like the response of one who had been hit in a tender spot.

We are seeking no quarrel with individuals connected either with the army or navy. Our warfare is waged against war. We believe the day has come when between civilized nations war is wholly an unnecessary calamity, that it would be, at this stage in the world's history, a crime too horrible to contemplate. From the point of view of the army and navy no doubt things look quite different. War is their business. Preparation for it is a large part of their concern. As Peel once said, "If you adopt the opinion of military men, naturally anxious for the complete security of every available point, you would overwhelm the government with taxes in time of peace." Some of us have smiled at the recent attempt to conceal (?) from the public the alarmingly defenseless (?) condition of the country, through which any intelligent school-boy might have seen, and Mr. Taft's treatment of the whole affair. We are growing quite used to these periodic scares just about the time more money is wanted for the army and navy.

F. H. R.

### WHAT DOES THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT MEAN?

A bill "Authorizing the detail of Army officers and the use of Army transportation and equipage for the instruction of Boy Scouts" has recently been introduced in Congress. This would seem to confirm the fears of many that back of the plan to organize the boys of our land into uniformed companies, apparently for their discipline and development through outdoor sports and exercises, there has been all along the concealed purpose to use this movement to reawaken the spirit of militarism. On the Pacific coast particularly this purpose has been openly expressed. On the other hand, in *Outing* for December an article appeared, written evidently by one with authority to speak in the matter in which it is said, "The Boy Scouts of America is not a military organization. Drill is precisely the thing it aims to get away from. No one need fear that the Boy Scouts of America stand for militarism in any sense."

At first we were told that one of the pledges the Scout took was to be kind and humane to animals. Yet a gentleman from Minnesota writes us that on a recent expedition, or "hike," the boys were taken out with guns and traps. The public is growing slightly confused by these conflicting statements and events.

Our American Humane Education Society could not and would not set itself in opposition to any movement designed to benefit the boys of America. We do not therefore desire to take any ground against the new organization that is growing so rapidly, that is not thoroughly rational and warranted by the facts. We do want our readers, teachers, parents, all interested in humane education and peace, to investigate the subject and convince themselves whether they are justified in supporting it or not.

In England, we are informed, there is a strong organized effort against it. Some in this country have even denounced it in severest language. One has written: "The Boy Scout movement was born in blood; it had its inception in the Boer war. Baden-Powell got the idea from using boys as messengers. It is nothing more than enlisting the boys, through their love of adventure and outdoor sports, for future military service."

The fact that officers of the army and employers of labor are behind the movement, if this be true, has not without reason aroused the workingmen. The promise of the founders of the scheme is to produce obedient, faithful youths for the office, the counting-room, the factory, the mill. Such boys are needed. But no American, without something to gain by it, wants the boys of this country trained to a subservience and self-effacement in the presence of their social superiors that would destroy their independence of thought or action in matters where their conscience is involved.

The problem put before us by this Boy Scout program is altogether too serious a one to be commended or discouraged without a more thorough knowledge of the facts than can be gained from partisan newspaper reports. It is time we had a clear, frank statement from the official leaders of the Boy Scouts as to just what it all means, and as to what its real purpose is with reference to militarism, the spirit to be cultivated toward the animals below us, and the answer to be given to the large body of workingmen opposing it with increasing bitterness.

F. H. R.

Our American Humane Education Society has published a handsome humane calendar for 1911, with suitable selections upon each of the twelve leaves of the pad and an attractive picture above. Copies will be sent, carefully packed and postage prepaid, for ten cents each. For large quantities, to be shipped by express at purchaser's expense, the price will be six cents each.

### EGYPT

An interesting report comes to us of the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Egypt. With headquarters in Cairo there are sixteen different branches in other parts of the country, each having its own president or honorary secretary. The name sounds a trifle odd to our western ears, but at Guirgneh the president is H. E. Aly Bey Abou-el-Fetouh, Mudir. Over the telephone that would take more time to repeat than the long name represented by the abbreviations M. S. P. C. A. The Society at Cairo employs one inspector, placed at their disposal by the government, but whose salary the organization pays. An infirmary is maintained for the treatment of the animals of the poor. Seven watering troughs are kept in service. Two ambulances, a lethal chamber, and a new destruction shed and post-mortem room with necessary apparatus are among the equipments. The Society feels its chief activity must lie in the direction of educating the great mass of the people who seem ignorant of any claims of the animal world upon their sympathy or regard. Those familiar with what has been accomplished speak highly of the progress made during recent years.

F. H. R.

### A SOUTH AMERICAN EXAMPLE

Does not the example set by the governments of Chile and Argentine Republic nearly seven years ago, when those two nations, long impoverished by wars, signed a bond of everlasting peace, commend itself to the world in the light of present facts relating to those two republics? Need there be any longer hesitation for other nations to imitate this action or adopt a similar policy, when results are noted? Since the erection on the border line of these South American countries, amid the snow-clad peaks of the Andes, of that magnificent symbol, "The Christ of the Andes," a wonderful transformation has taken place. The armies that formerly numbered thousands have been reduced to nominal police forces; battleships have been converted into merchant marines; a great trans-Andean railway has been built; extensive internal improvements have been made; arsenals changed into schools and naval stations into commercial docks. Such are some of the immediate results of disarmament and the guaranty of peace. Blessed are the people who devote their energies to the promotion of peace on earth and good will among men.

### STOPS BULL-FIGHT IN CUBA

Firm in her purpose to prevent bull-fighting in Cuba, Mrs. Jeannette Ryder of Havana, leader in humanitarian reform and president of a Band of Mercy of nearly 20,000 members, recently stopped a fight at Alquizar by appearing in person at the ring side and demanding a cessation of the cruelties.

Mrs. Ryder's courage and zeal have already been shown many times. Although her latest action caused a sensation in Havana, it is regarded as characteristic by those who know this intrepid woman.

Mrs. Ryder has faced and overcome many obstacles in her campaign of mercy; often has she made direct appeals to the highest authorities to enforce the laws against cruelty, and in many instances has received only feeble help from the officials. She is now determined to stamp out the demoralizing sport of bull-fighting, even at the peril of her own life.

### DEATH OF M. DE BUDE

M. Eugene de Bude, secretary general of the Romansh Union of Societies for the Protection of Animals and of the Geneva Society, died at Geneva, Switzerland, December 28 last.

He founded the Geneva Society in 1868, the year that our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was organized, and in 1890 he founded the Romansh Union. He was a former president of the Geneva Society.





In the Editor's Library

## A SHEPHERD'S LIFE, W. H. Hudson.

Many interesting incidents and observations are related in this pastoral tale, the scene of which is set in the Wiltshire "Downs" or the great Salisbury Plain. This section of rural England, with apparently little charm for the tourist, affords rich material for Mr. Hudson, whose former work, "Nature in Downland," was descriptive of it. The scope of the later work is even broader than its title suggests. The shepherd life of Isaac Bawcombe is typical of most dwellers of the "downs," but many other interesting human characters with whom the author has mingled, are cleverly analyzed.

Those who delight to learn how closely the creatures of the air and fields may be associated with their human brothers, should look to the shepherd's life which lonely, monotonous, and desolate, yet is made far less dreary by the companionship and influence of birds and animals.

Says the author: "We are accustomed to speak of dogs generally as the servants and the friends of man; it is only of the sheep-dog that this can be said with absolute truth. Not only is he the faithful servant of the solitary man who shepherds his flock, but the dog's companionship is as much to him as that of a fellow-being would be." Of the best breed and proper training of sheep-dogs, the information is first hand. Some incidents of remarkable feats accomplished by these dogs are well authenticated.

The downs, like so many other places, have been deprived of many birds through the ruthless poacher and egg-collector. The startling remains and is still the shepherd's favorite bird. The author gives emphatic thanks that the rook also has been left to the Wiltshire shepherds.

A chapter, "Concerning Cats," full of anecdotes about puss and her doings, shows that this animal is a favorite pet in the homes of the "downs." There are numerous illustrations from drawings by Bernard C. Gotch.

361 pp. \$2.50 net. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

## GENTLEMAN DON, Jessie A. Harshbarger.

Those who thoroughly appreciate the devotion, loyalty, and comradeship of dogs will be agreeably entertained by this life story of a good dog. While much has been written in prose and verse about dogs, few have attempted a story wherein the language is entirely the dog's own as in "Gentleman Don." It is not easy to do this and hold the reader's close interest throughout. Mrs. Harshbarger, however, has shown marked ability in this style of writing. Her love and tender sympathy for dogs; her clear understanding of their nature, ways, and feelings are made manifest in every chapter—almost on every page. Kindness and gentleness to the whole dog creation is the noble lesson that is taught.

Six excellent half-tone illustrations enliven the volume which is most attractively printed and bound, with a handsome colored picture of a thoroughbred collie upon the front cover.

222 pp. \$1. net. Crane & Company, Topeka, Kansas.

## SCOTTIE AND HIS LADY, Margaret Morse.

Among the books which tell of dog adventures, dog traits and attachments to human masters or mistresses, this volume should take a leading place. Scottie was an intelligent, well-born and bred collie, possessed with so many human characteristics that one cannot help taking as much interest in him as in a human hero.

The story begins with the puppyhood days of Scottie, and introduces his brothers and early companions. He grows in wisdom and finds "his lady" the object of his life-long love, from whom he is cruelly kidnapped. He becomes a wanderer, far from home, and for many months is exposed to all the dangers that beset the path of every lost dog. But Scottie is at last found by kind hearts and hands, and happily restored to his lady. There are five illustrations by Harold M. Brett.

277 pp. \$1.10 net. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

## "SUNSET TERRACE"

Memorial to the Late Thomas A. Baxendale  
an Educational Foundation

Upon Amrita island near the eastern shore of Buzzards Bay, in a spot whose beauty is perhaps unsurpassed on the New England coast, there was recently dedicated a magnificent structure known as "Sunset Terrace." Originally conceived and designed as a memorial to nature, it becomes upon completion the tomb of its creator, the late Thomas A. Baxendale, who died in Brockton, Massachusetts, March 31 last.

Mr. Baxendale, though long and prominently identified with the business interests of Brockton, gave frequent expression to his love of nature by further beautifying the seagirt island home that was so attractive to him. Sunset Terrace was the last and noblest creation of his genius and ambition. Though life was not spared him to accomplish his desire, the work was fittingly consummated by Mrs. Baxendale. She says of it:—

"The completion of Sunset Terrace has been to me a labor of love. I have but carried out what has been to Mr. Baxendale and myself for many years a cherished vision. As indicated by expressions from both of us, on the occasion of the dedication of the stone bridge, more than a year ago, it has been our purpose and intention to set apart Amrita island as a perpetual memorial. I cannot speak of its form, only to say that it will be in the nature of an educational foundation for the benevolent culture of the heart and mind, as a means of bringing about the enlightenment and ennoblement of humanity, and the highest good of harmless animal life. To the execution of this purpose the most eminent scholars, thinkers and lecturers in natural science, humane philosophy and ethical improvement will contribute; thus aiding toward the realization of the unity and kinship of all life."

Mr. Baxendale's fondness for animals is told in the eloquent eulogy by his friend, Rev. Alan Hudson:—

"His soul was gentle to every living creature. No poor, dumb, pleading face was ever lifted to his in vain. His faithful horses were treated as friends, and when age came on after years of patient toil he gave to them the joy of verdant fields as a respite and reward. He saw in every bird and gentle creature of the woods the handiwork Divine. They were to him in their flight across the waves, in their brilliant passage through the woods, the sweet companions of the quiet hour, and the messengers of peace to the tired and weary brain. Not far away from where he sleeps there rests the noble hound that in life's closing years of failing strength was the companion of his walks and the guardian of his evening hours. He had learned long ago with George Eliot that animals are among the most agreeable friends; they ask no questions and pass no criticisms."

*The Youth's Instructor*, a popular religious weekly published at Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C., is forming a Band of Mercy among its readers. Seventy-five names have been received from a school in Armona, California.

For Our Dumb Animals

## SUPPOSE

As you treat with indifference bird and beast,  
Because you are big and strong,  
Are you sure they are counted among the least?  
That you are not acting wrong?

When with anger or selfishness you or friends  
Illtreat what you should protect,  
Do you really believe that God defends  
Your cruelty or neglect?

And when you pass from this life to where  
Nought evil can live a day,  
Because of the love the angels bear  
To everything alway,

Are you sure that no creature that crawls or flies  
Will greet you with lives that endure?  
And that you dare meet their accusing eyes  
And smile? Are you quite, quite sure?

MRS. M. Z. WATROUS,

Santa Monica, Cal.

For Our Dumb Animals

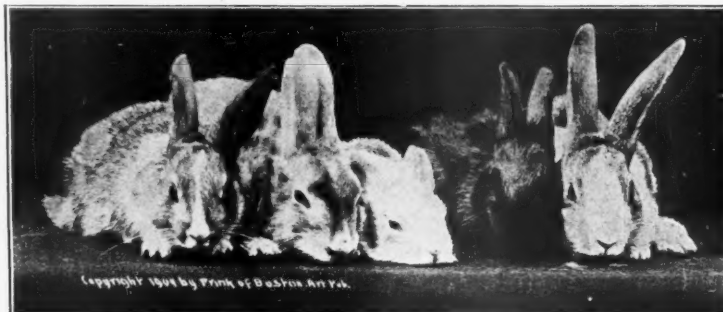
## BONNY BELLE

When Brother brought her home to me I thought she was the dearest playfellow any little girl could have—just a poor, timid, white, baby rabbit with brown markings, and big eyes that grew so pink when anything frightened her! It was not long before she learned to know and love me dearly.

Hop-er-ty, Hop! You could hear her coming into the kitchen, by way of the cat-hole in the door, for she and kitty were great friends and playmates. We had been told that puss and she would never get on together and that some day kitty would rise up in her tiger instinct and make an end of our little pink-eyed pet, but this never happened.

So Bonny Belle came, and not only came, but remained with us, for seven long years. As I always treated her gently she would allow me to do almost anything with her. Dressed in a doll's bonnet and gown, and tucked up in the doll's coach with pillows and counterpanes, I used to take her out for an airing on pleasant days. She never attempted to jump out, but always appeared to enjoy the outing almost as much as myself. On returning home I would remove the gown and bonnet and array her in a doll's nightgown. With her long silky ears tucked into a tiny nightcap, she would take her nap. Often have I known her to sleep for two hours or so tucked up as I left her.

It was a sad day indeed when, coming home from my Aunt's house I found little Bonny Belle cold in death. Grown old and stiff and never having known anything but love and kindness, she had failed to run away from a great hound who had entered the yard and found her there. Poor Bonny Belle! She was truly mourned, and, upon the return of my brother at night, she was laid away under the cherry-tree in the garden and a great white rock set upon the place. She will be remembered as one of the truest friends of my childhood days.

KATHARINE H. CRAM,  
Germantown, Pa.

A QUINTETTE OF BUNNIES





Office of Parent American Band of Mercy  
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President.  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.  
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

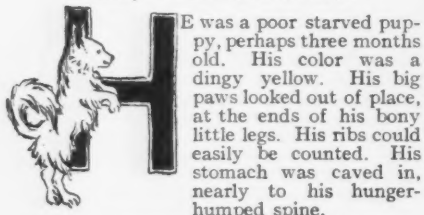
#### PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

One hundred and ninety-eight new Bands of Mercy have been organized since last month, making a total of 78,978.

For Our Dumb Animals

#### A DOG, A MAN AND A GIRL



HE was a poor starved puppy, perhaps three months old. His color was a dingy yellow. His big paws looked out of place, at the ends of his bony little legs. His ribs could easily be counted. His stomach was caved in, nearly to his hunger-humped spine.

His ears drooped piteously, and his brown baby eyes had a wistful look in them, sorrowful to see. He was nosing around the back yard of a big hotel for something to eat. Perhaps his thirst was greater than his hunger, and in all the Western town there were few places where a thirsty puppy might find a drink.

And a big, strong man (?), the six-foot proprietor, came out and dashed scalding water over the poor little puppy, laughing at the "fun" of seeing a poor little dog, frantic with pain, yelp and roll over and over in a sand pile by the unfinished house next door.

Soon the puppy rose and sneaked away to another back yard, for even his terrible burns could not for long distract his thoughts from his pangs of thirst and hunger. He found a dry, hard biscuit on the coal pile, and tried feebly to chew it, but not being very successful he left it and, staggering as he walked, tried to find a drink. Just then a little girl came out to throw away some soapy water from a basin. The puppy began to drink it, dirty and soapy as it was, from the ground where it had formed a little puddle.

The little girl saw and, running to the hydrant, she filled the basin with clean water, which she set before the puppy. He shrank from her in fear, but she stepped back and waited, and presently he gathered courage and drank.

Oh, how good the water tasted! But after a few greedy swallows he went back to his dry biscuit. The little girl ran into the house, and brought some potato on a dish with gravy poured around it, clasping her hands with delight as the dog ate until his poor little sides stood out with repletion. Then she brought a sack and, folding it, laid it by the corner of the porch and coaxed the puppy to lie on it.

The One who sees the sparrows fall and cares, had seen the little girl who gave a drink of cold water and a meal to a hungry puppy. For when did He say, "Feed the hungry"—humans? or, of the "cup of cold water," did He say, "In My Name"—to people only?

So the little girl's kindly act was recorded in the Book of His Remembrance, and—but what do you suppose God thinks of the man(?) at the hotel?

ETHELYN DYER,

Guymon, Okla.



A BAND OF MERCY BOY AND HIS DONKEY

#### CAMPAIGN OPENS IN PITTSBURGH

Bands of Mercy are being formed in Pittsburgh by the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society under the direction of Superintendent James S. Bell. A recent order for one thousand copies of "Black Beauty" and for six thousand buttons and cards of membership, shows the interest that is being taken in this movement, in which the public schools and the press of Pittsburgh are cooperating. Superintendent Bell and Secretary Henry of the local Society have been chosen president and secretary, respectively, of one of the first Bands to be formed in the city.

#### A BAND OF 2,000 MEMBERS

Ten years ago in Mason City, Iowa, there was formed the Jenken Lloyd Jones Band of Mercy, with but a handful of members. Today that band numbers two thousand. Mrs. John D. Willson, a resident of Mason City, started the Band of Mercy work, and it is through her untiring efforts that it has gone forward so successfully. She has interested public school teachers in the movement, and last spring a composition contest was held throughout the schools, the subjects ranging from "What Kind of a Home Does the Dog or Cat Like?" for the third grade, to "The Transportation and Treatment of Cattle in the United States," for the eighth. About one thousand children competed. The prize compositions, one hundred and fifty in number, have been printed in the Mason City papers.

#### CALENDARS AS EDUCATORS

The St. Paul, Minnesota, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty has published a special calendar, with appropriate reading and a beautiful colored illustration, which it is placing in each room of the public schools of that city and suburbs. The W. C. T. U. in Concord, New Hampshire, has placed our own humane calendar in the school-rooms there. This is a means of humane education which is readily accepted by teachers, and which ought to be extended to all the grammar schools in the country.

#### EVANSTON CAT SAVED BY FIREMEN

A dozen firemen searched for more than an hour on the roof of the State bank in Evanston, Illinois, to find a pussy that had gotten onto the roof and was unable to find a way down, reports the *News* of that place.

The weird and pathetic cries of the kitten attracted the attention of all who passed the bank during the early evening. Finally some person notified the fire department and it immediately responded by sending the large hook and ladder truck.

When the firemen climbed up the ladder the cat became alarmed and hid. The fire ladders searched all over the building but could not find the hiding place. Finally a faint meow attracted the attention of one of the men who went over and tenderly placed the cat upon his shoulder and bore it down the ladder amid the applause of the crowd below.

The kitten was half starved and nearly frozen. It was taken to the fire house and given hot milk, and is now the playmate of the firemen. So much do the fire boys think of the kitten that any person claiming him will have to give a very accurate description of pussy before they will relinquish their claim.

#### MORNING PRAYER

Oh, may I be strong and brave, today,  
And may I be kind and true,  
And greet all men in a gracious way,  
With frank good cheer in the things I say,  
And love in the deeds I do.

May the simple heart of a child be mine,  
And the grace of a rose in bloom;  
Let me fill the day with a hope divine  
And turn my face to the sky's glad shine,  
With never a cloud of gloom.

With the golden levers of love and light  
I would lift the world, and when,  
Through a path with kindly deeds made bright  
I come to the calm of the starlit night,  
Let me rest in peace. Amen.

NIXON WATERMAN in "A Girl Wanted."

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? To awaken in the heart of every child the impulse of kindness toward all that lives—toward the dumb beasts and toward each human brother; to teach the evil of war and violence, the beauty of mercy and of love. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

## New Bands of Mercy With Names of Presidents

**Bar Harbor, Me.**  
78231 Emery Dist. School  
Sadie McFarland  
78232 Otter Creek School  
Elizabeth A. McGee  
**Chattanooga, Tenn.**  
78233 Sunshine  
Addie L. Jenkins  
**Cincinnati, Ohio**  
Sherman School  
78234 Geo. T. Angell  
Sam Lind  
78235 Royal Promise  
Helen Hartline  
78236 Golden Rule  
Clarence O'Connor  
78237 Eugene Field  
Blanche Mendelsohn  
78238 The Willing Helpers  
Rachel Bernstein  
78239 Royal Promise  
Asher Isaacs  
78240 True Band  
Goldie Englander  
78241 Landseer  
Louis Schneider  
78242 Little Workers  
Leah Greenberg  
78243 Brownie  
Stella Arenburg  
78244 Little Folk  
Henry Englander  
78245 Little Kind Hearts  
Felix Berold  
78246 Little Sunbeam  
Leon Pastor  
78247 Black Beauty  
Mabel Dettro  
78248 Beautiful Joe  
Cora Burns  
78249 Golden Star  
Sydney Witt  
78250 Golden Star  
Pearl Heavenrich  
78251 Golden Rule  
William Danziger  
78252 Androclus  
Robert Waters  
78253 The Cottage Band  
Ralph Cummins  
78254 Kindergarten  
Harry Polinsky  
**Harwich, Mass.**  
Cutter School  
78255 Div. 1  
Hattie F. Weeks  
78256 Div. 2  
Dorothy Perry  
78257 Div. 3  
Edith Olmstead  
West School  
78258 Div. 1  
Georgia Collins  
78259 Div. 2  
Katherine Norton  
**Harwichport, Mass.**  
Harwichport School  
78260 Div. 1  
Lizzie A. Nickerson  
78261 Div. 2  
Caroline M. Holbrook  
**E. Harwich, Mass.**  
E. Harwich School  
78262 Div. 1  
M. G. Lane  
78263 Div. 2  
Myra C. Chase  
**No. Harwich, Mass.**  
No. Harwich School  
78264 Div. 1  
Florence Larkin  
78265 Div. 2  
Irene Baker  
**Harwich, Mass.**  
78266 High School  
James L. Jordan

**Chatham, Mass.**  
Center School  
78267 Div. 1  
Mr. Chas. A. Guild  
78268 Div. 2  
Ruth Barrows  
78269 Div. 3  
Madella Buck  
So. Chatham School  
78270 Div. 1  
Caroline F. Taylor  
78271 Div. 2  
Althema Bassett  
78272 West School  
Mary E. Howes  
78273 Atwood School  
Alice Doloff  
78274 Village School  
Alice Smith  
78275 North School  
Mary E. Ryder  
**Orleans, Mass.**  
Orleans School  
78276 Div. 1  
Rachel N. Conwell  
78277 Div. 2  
Matilda Gamble  
78278 Div. 3  
Louisa Hawkins  
78279 Div. 4  
Victoria Jameson  
Eastham School  
78280 Div. 1  
Rose Bunnell  
78281 Div. 2  
Marie Tanner  
78282 Div. 3  
Florence W. Keith  
**Miller's Falls, Mass.**  
78283 Miller's Falls  
Nina La Morder  
**Hallam, Nebr.**  
78284 Hallam  
Margery Caughters  
**Hickman, Nebr.**  
78285 The Mercy Band  
Minnie Jones  
**Kansas City, Mo.**  
78286 Horace Mann  
Earl Shell  
**West Chester, Pa.**  
78287 Windon  
Sarah E. Anderson  
78288 Grove  
Gertrude Gibbs  
**Baraboo, Wis.**  
78289 Agathos  
Carrol Japp  
**West Union, W. Va.**  
78290 West Union  
Blanche Spencer  
**Evergreen, Ala.**  
78291 Evergreen  
Ethel King  
**Malone, N. Y.**  
78292 Angell  
Olive A. Elliot  
**McKeesport, Pa.**  
78293 Progress  
Sister M. Benita  
**Long River, W. Va.**  
78294 Long River  
Veris McClair  
**Falmouth, Mass.**  
Village School  
78295 Div. 1  
Miss Bodwell  
78296 Div. 2  
Miss Durand  
78297 Div. 3  
Miss Quimby  
78298 Div. 4  
Miss Hall  
78299 Div. 5  
H. W. Hall  
78300 Div. 6

**Woods Hole, Mass.**  
Woods Hole School  
78301 Div. 1  
F. A. Chapman  
78302 Div. 2  
Miss Andrews  
**Falmouth, Mass.**  
78303 Quissett School  
Katherine Greeley  
W. Falmouth School  
78304 Div. 1  
Mary A. Benson  
78305 Div. 2  
Mrs. Swift  
78306 No. Falmouth Sch.  
Helen M. Benson  
78307 Hatchville School  
Ellen J. Ormsby  
Waquoit School  
78308 Div. 1  
Muriel Fairchild  
78309 Div. 2  
Miss Meyhew  
E. Falmouth School  
78310 Div. 1  
Marion Storer  
78311 Div. 2  
Miss Hunt  
78312 Davisville School  
Ethelind Bodwell  
78313 Teaticket School  
Estella Perry  
**Rockland, Mass.**  
School St. School  
78314 Div. 1  
J. M. McDonald  
78315 Div. 2  
M. M. Donovan  
78316 Div. 3  
M. E. Bentley  
78317 Div. 4  
M. A. Eastman  
78318 Div. 5  
M. A. Donovan  
78319 Div. 6  
Miss Warren  
78320 Div. 7  
Miss Page  
78321 Div. 8  
Miss Richardson  
Gleason School  
78322 Div. 1  
Nellie M. Ford  
78323 Div. 2  
Miss Sanford  
Lincoln School  
78324 Div. 1  
Alice M. Holbrook  
78325 Div. 2  
Harriette E. Cragin  
78326 Div. 3  
Emma S. Juvett  
No. Ave. School  
78327 Div. 1  
Katharine M. Sullivan  
78328 Div. 2  
Mary Gavin  
No. Union St. School  
78329 Div. 1  
Louise P. Wilbur  
78330 Div. 2  
Ana R. Rowel  
78331 Summit St. Sch.  
May H. Archibald  
Webster St. School  
78332 Div. 1  
M. E. Reynolds  
78333 Div. 2  
Annie O'Connor  
Market St. School  
78334 Div. 1  
T. Annie Owen  
78335 Div. 2  
Miss Fraser  
Plain St. School  
78336 Div. 1  
Ethel M. Thoburn  
78337 Div. 2  
Maria Jenkins

78338 Central School  
Helen A. Phelan  
**Punnam, Conn.**  
78339 Geo. Washington  
Ruth Child  
**East New Portland, Me.**  
78340 Free Baptist S. S.  
Lottie Leeman  
**So. Portland, Me.**  
78341 Trinity Ch. Primary S. S.  
Dept.  
Charles Reynolds  
**Old Orchard, Me.**  
78342 Methodist S. S. Primary  
Dept.  
Hattie Cleaves  
**Bath, Me.**  
78343 The Myrtle  
Ruth Carlisle  
**Orono, Me.**  
78344 Jr. League of Meth. Ch.  
Gertrude Brown  
78345 Orono Band Cong. Ch.  
Madeline Brown  
**Rio, Ills.**  
78346 L. T. L. Mercy  
Eva L. Fritz  
**Lexington, Mass.**  
Adams School  
78347 Div. 1  
E. Jennie Farrell  
78348 Div. 2  
M. L. Benjamin  
78349 Div. 3  
M. C. Pond  
78350 Div. 4  
Carvie Fiske  
Monroe School  
78351 Div. 1  
Grace P. French  
78352 Div. 2  
C. M. Duffey  
78353 Div. 3  
M. E. Purcell  
78354 Div. 4  
Ruby Christie  
78355 Div. 5  
E. M. Harding  
78356 Div. 6  
A. M. Mulliken  
Hancock School  
78357 Div. 1  
Thomas E. Freeman  
78358 Div. 2  
H. R. Stubbs  
78359 Div. 3  
G. M. Healey  
78360 Div. 4  
E. E. Wright  
78361 Div. 5  
N. G. Mitchell  
78362 Div. 6  
E. E. Merrill  
78363 Div. 7  
J. F. Blodgett  
78364 Div. 8  
M. L. Rogers  
**Hanover, Mass.**  
King St. School  
78365 Div. 1  
Annie Sandison  
78366 Div. 2  
Louita MacDonnell  
78367 So. Hanover School  
Edith F. Brooks  
Salmond School  
78368 Div. 1  
Mr. Jones  
78369 Div. 2  
May E. Warren  
78370 Center School  
Augusta C. Lehman  
78371 Whiting St. School  
Miss MacDermott  
78372 Assinippi School  
Delia V. Crossman  
Curtis School  
78373 Div. 1  
Lillian C. Eldridge

78374 Div. 2  
Rose L. Perry  
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78375 School 6  
Helen Carter  
78376 School 5  
Clara Ford  
78377 School 4  
Muriel A. Rogers  
78378 School 3  
Sadie Limby  
78379 School 2  
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78380 School 1  
S. Retta Dunbar  
78381 School 7  
Grace E. Richardson  
So. Grammar School  
78382 Div. 1  
M. P. Foster  
78383 Div. 2  
C. A. Tirrell  
78384 No. Gram. School  
Mrs. E. K. Foster  
**Painted Post, N. Y.**  
78385 Painted Post  
Mrs. H. M. Burroughs  
**Ellensburg Depot, N. Y.**  
78386 Ellensburg  
Minnie A. Sheldon  
**Firth, Nebr.**  
78387 Happiness  
Pearl R. Culp  
**Havlock, Nebr.**  
78388 School Dist. 81  
M. Belle Kimmel  
**Princeton, Nebr.**  
78389 Excelsior  
Amber Montgomery  
**Wash., D. C.**  
Hubbard School  
78390 No. 1  
Charles Stewart  
78391 No. 2  
Mildred Clark  
78392 No. 3  
Edgar D. Smith  
78393 No. 4  
Dorothy Darling  
78394 No. 5  
Melvin Campbell  
78395 No. 6  
Harold Gibson  
78396 No. 7  
William Torrey  
78397 No. 8  
Allerson Bennett  
78398 No. 9  
Clarence Elder  
Johnson School  
78399 No. 1  
Charles Schaaff  
78400 No. 2  
Frank Prueger  
78401 No. 3  
John Jacob  
78402 No. 4  
Paul Heiss  
78403 No. 5  
Harry Telman  
78404 No. 6  
Carlton Kemper  
78405 No. 7  
Stanton Keegin  
78406 No. 8  
Willis Hornaday  
78407 No. 9  
Robert Kilmartin  
Powell School  
78408 No. 1  
Fred Adams  
78409 No. 2  
Jessie Tublin  
78410 No. 3  
Norman Hammett  
78411 No. 4  
Henry Haines  
78412 No. 5  
Katharine Leberman

78413 No. 6 Huston Pilson	78455 No. 2 J. L. C. Chestnut	78493 Wapping School Carolyne C. Grace	78528 Div. 2 Theresa R. McKenna	Mapleville, R. I. Mapleville School
78414 No. 7 Marie Dowell Ross School	78456 No. 3 Mrs. Archibald Talbert	78494 Silver Lake Sch. Isabel K. Daley	78529 Div. 3 Flora D. Spink	78564 Div. 1 Frank A. Clark
78415 No. 1 Mary H. Harkness	78457 No. 4 Miss Irene Gordon	78495 Center Intermediate Miss B. K. Faulkner	78530 Div. 4 Edith G. Freeman	78565 Div. 2 Mary Anderson
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78417 No. 3 George Plant	78459 Burrville School Miss F. R. Turner	78497 Div. 1 Annie B. Fales	78532 Div. 6 Mattie M. Page	78567 Div. 4 Grace Carlton
78418 No. 4 Mildred Magee	78460 No. 1 William Bettes	78498 Div. 2 Stella B. Baker Halsjazz, Mass. Center School	78533 Div. 7 Edith G. Freeman	Glendale, R. I. Glendale School
78419 No. 5 Davis Little	78461 No. 2 Miss B. C. Reed Wash., D. C.	78499 Div. 1 J. E. Schofield	78534 Div. 8 Mary A. Carlin	Kind Friends
78420 No. 6 Warnick Healy	78462 No. 1 Emily Kenney	78500 Div. 2 Alice Morong	78535 Div. 9 May A. Taylor	78568 Div. 1 Margaret J. O'Brien
78421 No. 7 William Winstead	78463 No. 2 Geo. Lucas	78501 Div. 3 Edna J. Halladay Plympton, Mass. Center School	78536 Div. 10 Mary N. Gardner	78569 Div. 2 Edith B. Ricles
78422 No. 8 Raymond Thomas	78464 No. 3 Josephine Ford	78502 Div. 3 Mr. Moore	78537 Div. 11 Marie C. Hollen E. Providence, R. I.	Warwick, R. I. Warwick
78423 No. 9 Helen Conner	78465 No. 4 Gladys Jones	78503 The Green School Miss L. M. Estes	78538 Willing Workers Isabelle Shields Cranston, R. I.	78570 Potowomut Hattie E. Rathbun
78424 No. 10 Alvin West	78466 No. 5 Estelle Arrington	78504 Silver Lake School Miss L. M. Bradford	78539 Div. 1 Sara V. Acton	Coventry, R. I. Coventry School
78425 No. 11 Catherine Altemus Monroe School	78467 No. 6 George Shaw John A. Logan School	78505 Junior L. T. L. Mrs. M. M. Souders. Cocksville, Ill.	78540 Div. 2 Katherine T. Meegan	Kind Helpers
78426 No. 1 Frank Beebe	78468 No. 1 Estelle Gibson	78506 Primary Master Harold Russell Cowesett, R. I. Cowesett School	78541 Div. 3 Mary L. Healy	78571 Div. 1 Mary E. McManus
78427 No. 2 Elizabeth Chase	78469 No. 2 Joseph R. Bush	78507 Little Protectors Julie R. Warner	78542 Div. 4 Mary E. Palmer	78572 Div. 2 Helen Tyzzer
78428 No. 3 Raymond Talbert	78470 No. 3 Walter Anderson	78508 Good Will Winifred I. Palmer E. Greenwich, R. I. Spring St. School	78543 Div. 5 Lillian H. Stubbs	78573 Kind Protectors Mrs. H. A. Hopkins
78429 No. 4 Nina Hall	78471 No. 4 Genevieve Pearson	78509 Div. 1 Grace E. Shippee	78544 Div. 6 Laura J. Crumley	Maple Valley, R. I. Maple Valley
78430 No. 5 Knitt Nilsson	78472 No. 5 Milton Smith	78510 Div. 2 Inez A. Daniel	78545 Div. 7 Bessie R. Schwarz	78574 Kind Helpers Josephine P. Ray
78431 No. 6 Charles Hobbs	78473 No. 6 Jessie Bell Wilmington, N. C.	78511 Div. 3 Geneva M. Briggs	78546 Div. 8 Marion L. Tinkham	Coventry, R. I. Coventry
78432 No. 7 Myrtle Wathen	78474 Order of the Little Brothers Athalie Rankin Bunting Mt. Carmel, Ill.	78512 Div. 4 Louise M. Browne Riverside, R. I. Turner Ave. School	78547 Div. 1 Ada Conyers	78575 Kind Protectors Bertha M. Smith
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Deanwood, Wash., D. C.				78590 Willing Workers Hattie Bell
78454 No. 1 James Bell				Providence, R. I. Providence



## For Our Dumb Animals A CASE OF ARMED INTERVENTION



**T**RILBY and Billy were friendly powers—as much so as a self-conscious cat and a talkative parrot could be.

They liked each other's society. Trilby was social, but opinionated and stealthy; Billy was jolly but hot-tempered and tantalizing. Between such contradictions of temperaments and interests, diplomatic relations sometimes became strained. They were under considerable restraint, however, from the fact that my neighbor, Mrs. Alfred Tilton, to whom I am indebted for the facts of this story, held these parties to the discipline of her well-ordered household, as international public opinion sometimes holds jealous governments to formal compliance with the golden rule.

One day Mrs. Tilton happened to look out of her sitting-room window and saw Trilby and Billy in the preliminaries of an interesting interview. Billy was near the center of the porch floor, his wings slightly distended, his head canted at the angle of pride, and his face illuminated with his own wisdom; in short, he was looking his best to attract Trilby.

Trilby, on her part, felt her cat heart throb, and took a position about nine feet away, in the rear of her rival, closing her eyes in well-feigned sleep. A cat's tail is a tell-tale, and a nervous little jerk at the end of Trilby's weather signal foretold a change. Her eyes opened, and with stealthy steps she lessened the distance between herself and Billy until within two feet of his parrotship, when the latter suddenly turned to his visitor with the unexpected salutation—"Hello, Trilby!"

Diplomacy often changes front and postpones the day of conflict. Trilby retired to her original position, and saved her face by again feigning disinterested sleep. Billy turned his back to such hypocrisy, and the first diplomatic manoeuvre for supremacy ended.

After a while Trilby reenacted the same tactics as before, and approached within a few inches of Billy's tail, when he again executed a right-about-face and repeated his salutation—"Hello, Trilby!"

Again the cat made a backward jump, quickly beat a retreat to her line of defense, and once more slept—except a narrow slit between her eyelids. Billy apparently disgusted, again turned his back on such make-believe, composed his ruffled feathers, dropped his head, and also seemed oblivious to outward forces. Both governments had saved their faces, and a second diplomatic movement for supremacy became a closed incident.

Now the slits between Trilby's eyelids opened wide; the danger signal at the rear gave warning, and a new plan was inaugurated in the shape of a detour. Quietly she moved along the semi-circumference of a circle, from the parrot's rear to his front, where she could better observe the effect on the bird. Both parties were now facing each other, about eight or nine feet apart, the parrot asleep, the cat awake—very much awake.



PETS OF DR. HENRY L. MCCLUSKY, WORCESTER, MASS.

Slowly Trilby crept toward Billy until within a few inches of his face. What an opportunity to extend the scratch of friendship to a polly's head! From a soft bundle of gray and black fur came forth a velvet paw, and from the velvet paw a set of sharp claws shot toward the feathers of the meditating bird, and the claws, sinking beneath the feathers, touched some of the electric buttons that communicate with a parrot's nervous battery—Billy did the rest. In a twinkling he was on Trilby's back, secured a firm anchorage with his strong talons, and with his beak set loose from Trilby's internal mechanism a cyclone of feline yells. The battle was on. Diplomacy had gone to smithereens. Like the struggle between Russia and Japan, fighting began without a formal declaration of war.

Then came forcible intervention. Mrs. Tilton appeared on the field of conflict and exercised the police powers of a strong government. Billy was arrested, conveyed to the kitchen, imprisoned in his cage over which a cloth was thrown, and left in solitary confinement to reflect on the evil of giving way to a bad temper. Trilby was carried to another corner of the kitchen where a hospital was extemporized, and the cat's wounds dressed.

Victorized Billy, like triumphant Japan, wanted the last word. Working diligently at the cloth that covered his cage, he succeeded in pulling up one corner above the floor of his prison. Thrusting his head under the raised part, he located the disabled cat and tantalizingly sent the message to the hospital ward—"Hello, Trilby!"

This was the last fight that Billy and Trilby had unto the days of their death. Each had found the reserve energy of the other, and was satisfied. They discovered that the victories of peace are greater than those of war. Thereafter it was no uncommon thing to see Trilby stretched at full length on the top of Billy's cage, and Billy's voice had no sarcasm in it when he welcomed her with a cheery "Hello, Trilby!" The prattle of the parrot and the purr of the cat testified that powers once belligerent may live in lasting and profitable peace.

How long must the nations live the lower life of animals, attaining peace through destructive war? Is there no better way? Reason calls us to exercise high diplomacy in the interests of arbitration, thus eliminating wounds, conserving wealth, and hastening the day of universal brotherhood.

Tilton, N. H.

J. M. DURRELL,

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for December, 1910  
Fines and witness fees, \$208.93.

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